The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

A Plea for the Robin.

After working in the garden
Of the farmer all the spring,
Sure little Robin Redbreast
A heavy bill could bring
For all the worms he gathered,
That threatened root and flower,
And all the little insects
With their destructive power.

But little Robin Redbreast
Loves well to build and dwell
Near to the pleasant garden
Which he has tended well;
He only asks a handful
Of cherries, full and red,
For him as for the farmer
This bounteous feast is spread.

He has labored in your garden, —
O farmer, do be just!
He has built within your orchard, —
Be worthy of his trust!
Let him have his modest wages,
There's enough for both to spare
He only claims the ripest
And the reddest in his share.

Oh, I think it's mean and cruel
To shoot a little bird;
Who, when you broke the furrows,
With floods of music stirred
The leaving woods and orchards,
And all the bright June long
Kept busy in your garden
Toiling with merry song.

He claims your fruits and berries,
A few make up his store,
His merry song would thank you
If he had taken more;
Down in your pleasant orchard
He has his pretty nest, —
How bright the glowing plumage
That shines upon his breast!

Martha Remick.

For the Myrtle.

A Day that Began in Joy and Ended in Sorrow.

I WAS an only child, so you may be sure that the companionship of Annie, Lizzie and Martha Yolland, who lived in the same street, was eagerly sought by me. Their grandfather lived in the next house to ours. He was a very old gentleman, who whenever he saw us used to offer us sixpences and shillings, which my mamma accustomed me to politely refuse.

Annie and I would sometimes get over the low wall of our garden into her grandfather's, when Ann Ham, his housekeeper, would come to the garden door and reprimand us for frightening her, and end by giving us slices of bread and butter and sugar. Ann Ham was of rather low stature, and plump, so that Annie would sometimes say, "The idea of her scolding us when she is no taller than we are!" We always liked to visit her room where she had a collection of china. I remember a breakfast set of orange color nearly covered with black imps, with horns, tails, cloven feet, pitchforks complete, represented as performing every kind of trick.

One day to our extreme delight Ann Ham told us that she was going to ask our mammas to permit us to accompany her into the country for a day's pleasure, if we would be "very good chil-

dren," but Annie whispered behind her hand with a smile, "*children indeed!*"

Ann had been invited year after year to visit an acquaintance of hers who had married a livery stable keeper at Wandsworth, but her old master being rather feeble, she was too faithful to wish to leave him with only the maid-servant to look after him, but a good opportunity had at last arrived.

On the day Annie and I were in such a state of excitement that we scarcely ate any breakfast and when we were walking to the omnibus with Ann we greatly scandalized her by giggling at everything we saw, were it only a dog crossing the road, or persons shaking hands with one another, and Annie whispered to me, "The idea of Ann taking us anywhere, when we can see over her head!" Besides which, we talked so loudly about the fun we should have at Wandsworth, that people turned round to look at us. When we got to the omnibus, Ann said that she was thankful that it was empty so that there would be no one to notice our foolish behavior, but she rejoiced too soon, for looking through the windows we descried in the distance a very fat, short, red-faced, old gentleman, with scarcely any neck, with a large shirt frill, and large gold-headed cane, running with quick, short steps to catch the omnibus.

The sight was too much for us. We laughed till the tears rolled down our cheeks. Poor Ann became scarlet with confusion when the old gentleman bounding in at the door rebounded nearly on to her lap, whilst we laughed again and again as though we should die with excess of enjoyment of the scene. The old gentleman gave us a stern look, which for the moment abashed us, for we feared that it would be followed by some remark on our behavior.

As the omnibus filled, we were separated from Ann in such a way that one of us sat on each side of the old gentleman. We then, stooping forward, addressed each other in imaginary foreign tongues, uttering such sentences as "sgrabatzin sbruk shukzt," accompanied by gestures indicative of amazement, horror, contempt, or pity, but the imperturable gravity of the old gentleman, who looked straight before him without heeding us, or loudly sniffed up pinches of snuff from a large gold snuff-box, and the sight of Ann Ham stretching forth her neck to obtain glimpses of us, and shaking her finger at us, again overcame us so that when the omnibus was rattling noisily over the stones, we actually indulged in screams of laughter. When we got out, Ann threatened to inform our parents of our unladylike conduct. Under this fear, we managed to behave pretty well in the railway cars, but when we got to the home of Ann's friend we relapsed into our former conduct. At the dinner-table, when we caught each other's eye we giggled, and when asked what we would be helped to, we could scarcely reply for suppressed laughter. When left alone with the youngest boy, who was not able to talk, we made queer grimaces at him, at which he began to roar, and his mother entered the room just in time to hear us remarking on his wide mouth.

Ann Ham was only too glad to accede to our request to take a walk by ourselves after dinner, so we sallied forth to the house of an aunt of Annie's, who lived in the neighborhood. We gathered leaves and flowers on our way there, and enjoyed our walk, but in returning we felt fatigued, and complained of the heat. Just then a farm cart, covered on the outside with dry mud, and littered inside with pieces of straw, hay, or what not, came in sight. A young lad was driving.

"Oh!" exclaimed Annie, "would it not be fun to ride in a cart? I never was in one in all my life!"

"No more was I."

"Let us ask that boy to take us up."

The boy replied:

"You young misses would spoil your fine clothes if you got up here!"

"Oh, we do not mind that, we are so tired!"

"Well, misses, you had better sit at the end there where it's cleanest, and I'll put a sack for you."

So we sat at the end, and exclaimed at intervals, "Oh, what fun! Is it not delightful! It's ever so much nicer than grandfather's chaise!"

We were just entering the town and were about to request the boy to stop and help us down, when whom should appear but—Ann Ham and her friend.

"Oh, you naughty, naughty children! I'll tell your ma's when you get home. Get down, Miss Annie! Oh, what a sight! Coming into town in a farm cart, and *such* a cart too!'

The friend looked extremely shocked and said that my mamma would scarcely believe it if she were to see it herself, and that I deserved to be well punished.

I had barely time to put some money into the boy's hand when we were dragged away. By this time our high spirits had entirely deserted us. We sat despondently gazing at one another till the time for leaving arrived. Annie feared punishment of some sort. I feared that my mamma would be grieved and ashamed of me. Our ride in the omnibus was marked by tearful entreaties to Ann, who seemed to have been invested since the morning with extra dignity and judicial terrors, not to say anything about it, and we would "never, *never* behave so again!" Had the fat old gentleman entered he would only now have been greeted by a burst of tears. Ann, however, was really vexed and inexorable this time. Annie was taken to her home first and was directed to go to bed at once supperless and in disgrace, when she laid the blame on me of making her laugh. I followed to her chamber, helped to undress her, and left her sobbing violently, but I never quite forgot—though I freely forgave—her want of championship.

Arrived at my own home, no words could express my mortification to see mamma's welcoming smile change to an expression of astonishment and regret as Ann related the day's adventures. She showed me not only that I had been rude, but that I had been ungrateful to Ann in spoiling her pleasure and making her ashamed of me before her friends. I therefore begged Ann's pardon, which she good-naturedly granted, and after obtaining mamma's forgiveness went to sleep, thinking that I had never been so thoroughly miserable, weary and repentant in all my life.

Clelia Lega Weeks.

A LITTLE boy named Knight, who recently entered the mission school at New London, was told by the teachers that he must be a good boy, and when he died he would go to heaven. The little fellow was well pleased with the prospect, and promised to be the best kind of a boy. The next Sunday he appeared in his place looking sorrowful, and the teacher asked him if he had been a good boy. "Yes," he replied, "I've tried to be good, but it's no use. The boys say I can't go to heaven, if I'm ever so good." "Why do the boys say that?" asked the teacher. "They say," replied the boy, with the utmost simplicity, "there'll be no *night* there."

"WHEN my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

The Disobedient young Geese.

ONCE there was a wise old goose,
(As wise as goose could be;)
She made her nest and laid her eggs,
And hatched her goslings three.
And then she led her children forth,
That all her pride might see;
Old Father Goose walked on ahead,
As proud as pa's will be.

They taught them how to nip the grass,
And wander here and there,
And many a word of counsel gave,
And guarded them with care.
By day they swam upon the pond,
And ducked beneath the wave;
At nightfall hastened to the barn,
Their precious necks to save;

For oft they'd heard of sly old fox
Who lived in yonder wood,
Who'd gladly catch a harmless goose,
And quickly drink his blood.
These little geese did all at first
Their parents' will obey,
And wisely follow to the barn
At close of every day.

One eve, while sailing up the stream,
In water warm and bright,
With joyous hearts they laid a plan
To stay and sail all night.
They said, beneath the shining moon
They'd have the rarest fun,
And in the dewy meadows green
They'd greet the rising sun.

But soon the moon began to sink,
Dark clouds were gath'ring near;
The spirits of the gay young geese
Began to sink with fear.
"O, brother!" cried one timid goose,
"It's growing very dark;
And hark! down in that gloomy wood
I hear the foxes bark."

They ran, they flew, they hurried home,
But found they were too late;
The farmer's boy had gone his round,
And closed up every gate.
They loudly called, but called in vain,
The old farmyard was still;
Their echoing cry was only heard
By Reynard on the hill.

The poor geese hovered near the gate,
Three timid, trembling things,
And tried to hide their frightened heads
Beneath their trembling wings.
Then came the sly old foxes three,
And, for their choicest food,
Each tossed a young goose on his back,
And hastened to the wood.

—*Little Sower.*

THERE is a quaint old Scotch proverb which runs thus:—"An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy."

For the Myrtle.

The Song of a Cat.

Mew! mew! mew
What in the world shall I do
With kittens so many,
And never a penny
To help me the long summer through?

Mice! mice! mice!
And everything else that is nice,
Have grown so exclusive,
They deem me intrusive,
And scamper away in a trice.

Vexed! vexed! vexed!
Was ever a cat so perplexed?
No signs of a dinner,
My kits getting thinner,
I cannot tell what to do next.

Oh! *oh!* oh!
Of milk what a beautiful show!
My cup runneth over
And now I'm in clover,
For nothing is nicer I know.

Right! right! right!
I see them all jump at the sight;
I cannot express it,
But you must just guess it,
How full is my heart with delight.

Mrs O. D. Miller.

For the Myrtle.

The Reception.

TOM and Walter came rushing into the house, late in the afternoon, as if a new idea had just struck them and was likely to turn their heads.

"Tell you what," says Tom, "We're going to get up a reception for them when they get home."

"Well," said Sue, quietly, "don't go crazy about it, please, till you tell us what you mean."

"Why I mean what the bands used to get up for the stages up at the White Mountains last summer, don't you know?"

"O, a musical reception; very well. But Mr. Beecher won't be in this load you know," said Sue, smiling at the recollection.

"What about Mr. Beecher?" said Walter, who had not been to the White Mountains.

"Why, Tom remembers," said Sue, "how one day he sat for twenty minutes out in a big wagon with his party, in front of the hotel, waiting for the band to play as it did for the stages. And when people began to notice it and to think something had broken down, and finally went down the road to inquire, 'What is the matter, Mr. Beecher? Why don't you drive up?' he answered as cool as could be, 'I'm waiting for the band to play.' And everybody was so amused that they went and hunted up the band who were off taking their snooze, and they all waked up to the joke and came out and played, and that brought everybody else out on the balconies to see what was up; and then Mr. Beecher drove up with a flourish and handed out his party as if he had been all the stage drivers in one."

Tom laughed again, and Walter thought it was a very droll story for a true one, and said, "What a funny man Mr. Beecher must be."

"Yes," said Sue, "I suspect a great many people think so."

Then, of course, Walter was more fierce for his musical reception than before. They ran up stairs for their drum and trumpet, and thought over all the tunes they could play—and that was not many—to decide what ones they would play for the reception and in what order.

They sat down in the corner of the sitting-room to practice, but Sue soon had enough of that.

"Now, boys," she said, "run down under the trees and practice, for I shall get too much music before you are through, and besides I must arrange the table and get everything ready for the folks when they come back."

Tom and Walter gathered up their papers without *much* grumbling and did as she had asked them.

Sue had another reason or their going which she did not see fit to tell them. She knew it was about time for little Millie to be coming from her kindergarten, and she had a bright thought of her own.

Scarcely had the boys gone, with their instruments droning in the distance, before Millie

bounded in, with Trip her dog, who always ran down the road to meet her.

"Millie," said Sue, while she was cooling her hot face and smoothing her hair, "Where is that pretty white silk banner you had for the tableau?"

"Oh, I know," said Millie; "it's put away up stairs. Why?"

"I want you to get it," said Sue. "The boys are going to stand out in the yard and play tunes when father and mother and the folks come, just as the bands used to at the White Mountains last summer. And you can stand out with them and wave your flag if you want to. Only don't tell the boys beforehand."

"O jolly! jolly!" shouted Milly, clapping her hands. "How glad I am I've got that dear white flag! Do let me get it out this minute." And away she scampered up stairs.

Sue went on with her table and cake and flowers until the clock struck six, and she saw a carriage coming over the hill. The boys were on the lookout and she had Millie on hand in a second. What an imposing group they made—drums and trumpets and flags, and Trip in front for a captain, and Sue behind with the tea-bell, though that the boys didn't see.

When the carriages turned up the avenue, they struck up. The trumpet sounded, the flag waved, the drum rattled and the tea-bell tinkled a pretty accompaniment in perfect time. And if Trip howled a little, why, it only added an undertone of bass to the orchestra.

Their father saw and smiled, and looked at the rest of the company very funnily, for they had all been at the White Mountains.

"It seems we shall not have to sit here twenty minutes waiting for the band to come out," said he. *H. A. B.*

Clean Hands and a Pure Heart.

"DEAR mamma, my hands are clean now," said Harry, as he came for his good night kiss. "I used up most all the soap, for sister Mary says that,

"'Tis said, to my lasting disgrace,
That I never am seen
With hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean is my face."

"I hope my little boy will always have the right kind of clean hands."

"What are they?" said Charlie. "I did not know there was but one kind."

"Clean hands and a pure heart.

"Is that the Bible, mamma?

"Yes, dear."

"Please say it all."

"'Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his holy place? He that has clean hands and a pure heart.'"

"I'll wash my hands every single day, as soon as I get up," said Harry, eagerly. "I'll ask papa to buy me a whole lot of soap, and won't Mary be glad?"

Charlie smiled.

"I know what a pure heart means," said he, thoughtfully, "but I don't see what clean hands have to do with it."

"Just the same thing, my boy. "If your heart is not clean, your hands are sure to be dirty. Do you think they were clean when you struck Harry this morning?"

Charlie colored, but said nothing, and his mother went on.

"Were they clean when you snatched the picture-book from baby? Were your's clean, Harry, when you put your fingers in the sugar-bowl? or when you pinched Mary when your hair pulled? or when you would write on the window after I had told you not to?"

"O, is that what it means?" said Harry, looking disappointed.

"Yes, and much more. Whenever your hands do anything they ought not to, or do not do what they ought, I think they are very dirty. I hope you will watch those little hands after this, for Job says, 'He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.' That is, purer and purer, stronger for the right. And David goes on to say, 'He shall receive the blessing of the Lord, and righteousness from the God of our salvation."

"I like that, mamma. May we pray to God to help us have clean hands, as well as a pure heart?"

"Yes, darlings. And then I will sing a beautiful hymn about it, before we say good night."

And she sang these sweet words:

"Clean hands, and a pure heart,
A soul set free rom the power of sin,
A life all full of the love of Jesus,
Holy without and pure within.

Clean hands and a pure heart,
They that have them shall walk in light;
Others may shine in gold and jewels,
Jesus, oh make my garments white!"

—*Little Sower.*

S. S. Institute.

We have received the circular of the *Centenary Sunday School Association*, announcing that a Sunday School Teachers' Institute will be holden at Worcester, on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2d and 3d. This is such good news that we want to call the attention of all readers of the MYRTLE to it as soon as possible. We will therefore make this early announcement of the speakers and subjects just as we find them in the circular. We shall have more to say about it hereafter as the arrangements progress.

The speakers or conductors already announced are Rev. E. C. Bolles of Salem, Mass.; Rev. J. Smith Dodge of Stamford, Conn.; Rev. A. B. Hervey of Peabody, Mass.; Prof. W. R. Shipman of Tufts College; Mr. Charles Foster of Taunton, Mass.; Mr. Alden Sprague of Augusta, Maine; Mrs. H. A. Bingham of Boston. Others are to be added as the programme shall require.

Wednesday morning will be devoted principally to short Essays or Addresses on general subjects.

1. Opening Exercises.
2. The Field and the Laborer.
3. The Spirit and Method.
4. The Wages of the Worker.
5. Oral and Written Questions.

Wednesday afternoon will be devoted to the "One Lesson System."

1. Its Rise and Progress.
2. Its Exemplification in the Preparatory Meeting, Bible Class, Intermediate Class, Infant Class, and General Exercises.
3. Oral and Written Questions.

Wednesday evening will be devoted to a Lecture on "The Study of the Bible in the Education of Children." After the lecture there will be an opportunity for a General Discussion.

Thursday morning will be devoted to Essays and Addresses on practical questions.

1. Teachers' Conference Meeting.
2. Order and kind of Sunday School Service.
3. Object Teaching and use of Blackboard.
4. Sunday School Morals and Manners.
5. The Press and the Sunday School.
6. Oral and Written Questions.

Thursday afternoon will be devoted to short Essays and Addresses on the relation of the various parts to the whole.

1. The Pastor and the Sunday School.
2. The Superintendent and the Sunday School.
3. The Teacher and the Sunday School.
4. The Scholar and the Sunday School.
5. The Parent and the Sunday School.
6 Oral and Written Questions.

Thursday evening will be devoted to a Lecture on "Consecration and Preparation." What time remains will then be given to five minute speeches on "What I have learned at this Institute."

Let us say thus early that we hope every teacher and older scholar of our schools who can, will plan to go to this Institute and help make it the grand success that the importance of its topics deserves.

Picnics.

This is the picnic season also, and the fame of them reaches our ear rom many quarters. We rejoice to say that we have not yet heard of any serious accident in all these excursions. Shawmut School, Boston, and the schools at Roxbury and Charlestown have all tried the merits of the famous Walden Pond Grove to their great satisfaction. Chelsea went to Beverly and had a quietly enjoyable day at Stanley's Grove. The new school at Newton sends the little account of itself which we subjoin:

"The Newton Universalist Sunday School held a picnic, July 12th, at Lexington, on the farm of Mrs. Foster, who very kindly invited the school to spend the day there. She formerly resided at Newtonville. Twenty-five of the party were conveyed over in a large express wagon drawn by four horses, and the balance rode over in five carryalls. Each took his or her lunch in a basket, and when the dinner hour came round they spread it upon the table for all to help themselves to.

The day was spent in roaming in the woods, swinging, and various games. A shower came up at the latter part of the afternoon and all were obliged to take refuge in the house. It cleared up about seven o'clock when the teams were got ready, and all packed themselves in for a start on the homeward trip. Well pleased with the recreations of the day, and hoping to renew them next year."

The Hartford, Conn., school takes its annual excursion to Haddam, and the Augusta, Me., school goes as usual down the Kennebec, while we read of the New York city trips "up river," not Salt river in this case, but the Hudson.

In Illinois, the schools at Lincoln, Mt. Pulaski and Decatur have held a very enjoyable Union Picnic at Mt. Pulaski, the occasion planned and managed by the Decatur school.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The Indiana Sunday School Convention met at Munsee July 24th.

—The Sunday School at Fleetville, Penn., was reorganized in April last and is prospering.

—The parish at Webster, N. Y., reported last year to its association as "dead" now reports, "We are repairing our church, and expect to settle a pastor in August. We have a Sunday School numbering thirty scholars." Pretty good signs of life.

—We find in the *Star* this account of a beautiful testimonial to the memory of a Sunday School scholar:—"On the 3d of July, Effie Ream, a sweet little girl of twelve years, was called from earthly parents and home to join in the heavenly. She was a member of the Sunday School at Centerfield, Ohio, and much loved by her associates. On the following Sunday appropriate services were held by the school, when a desire was expressed to testify in a substantial manner the love and respect she had won from them. It was therefore resolved to erect a tombstone in respect to her memory, where in after years they might gather and read the name of one they loved in life and lamented in death. Two little girls were detailed to raise the means for the accomplishment of the work. In a short time they returned with happy hearts and more money than was needed for the purpose. The noble thought of the children and the generous response of those to whom they appealed, are worthy of all praise and will long be remembered. and the memories of that Sunday cherished among the brighest days in the journey of life."

Here is a short extract from one of Father Ballou's Lecture Sermons. It is good. "God is love, and love worketh no ill to its neighbor. In all worlds and to all beings, God is love. With him there is no variableness or shadow of turning. What he has been and what he is now, is what he will forever remain."

Many Sunday Schools in New England and in other parts of our country are giving attention to the subject of temperance.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XCVIII.

CHRIST IN JERUSALEM.

"Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees."

SCRIPTURE.—Math. xxiii. 13–39.

Question. — Of what were the Scribes and Pharisees guilty?

Answer. — Math. xxiii. 13.

NOTE They shut up the kingdom of heaven by making men believe duty to God consisted of something entirely different from what Christ required. And now the Saviour proceeds to point out how they shut up the kingdom against men.

Q. — What wrong did they commit against widows?

A. — Math. xxiii. 14.

NOTE. The charge against them is. that they attached widows to them by an appearance of great religiousness, and then induced the widows to expend their property in their support.

Q. — What did they make of their proselytes?

A. — Math. xxiii. 15.

Q. — What did they teach of the obligation of an oath taken in the name of the temple?

NOTE. Persons introduced into the Jewish church by such men would be hypocrites—neither sincere Jews nor sincere heathen.

A. — Math. xxiii. 16.

Q. — How binding did they make an oath by the gold of the temple?

A. — Math. xxiii. 16.

Q. — Which did Christ say was greater than the gold and the offering?

A. — Math. xxiii. 17, 19.

Q. — What does Christ say a man who takes an oath by altar or the temple, swears by?

A. — Math. xxiii. 20, 21.

Q. — What does Christ assert of him who swears by the throne of God?

A. — Math. xxiii. 22.

NOTE. Moses made all oaths binding. No matter by what a man had sworn he was to be compelled to fulfil his oath. To relieve people from the consequences of hasty oaths, the Pharisees made these distinctions just noticed, and so made the law of Moses of no effect. Christ teaches that we must not swear at all, even by our heads.

Q. — While they paid tithes of the little patch of herbs growing in the garden for family use, what did they omit?

A. — Math. xxiii. 23.

NOTE. The law required men to pay a certain portion of their produce and income for the support of the institutions of religion The Pharisees were particular to tithe each little bunch of herbs, but omitted duty to men and did not exercise faith in God.

Q. — For what did they strain the water they used?

A. — Math. xxiii. 24.

NOTE. The law of Moses made certain creatures improper for food. The Pharisees carried obedience to this law so far that they strained the water for both drinking and washing lest some little insect in it should make them break the law. The camel was among the unclean beasts.

Q. — As the Pharisees were particular in observing external washings, what charge does Christ give them?

A. — Math. xxiii. 26.

Q. — What does Jesus say the Scribes and Pharisees were like?

A. — Math. xxiii. 27, 28.

NOTE. According to the law of Moses a person who touched a dead body was ceremonially unclean a number of days. Therefore tombs were whitened to enable people to see them and avoid a too near approach to them when they were about to perform some religious rite.

Q. — They took great care of the tombs of the prophets whom their ancestors had killed. But what would they have done had they been living in the days of the prophets?

A. — Math. xxiii. 30.

Q. — What could they not escape?

A. — Math. xxiii. 34.

NOTE. The word here rendered hell is *Gehenna* in the Greek, and is the name of the valley of Hinnom. And the Saviour, as we shall soon see, is predicting terrible consequences that were to befall these hypocrites in this world and in Jerusalem.

Q. — What was to come upon that generation?

A. — Math. xxiii. 35, 36.

Q. — When Jesus had predicted these consequences he wept over Jerusalem. What did he say he would have done?

A. — Math. xxiii. 37.

Q. — What should be the consequence?

A. — Math. xxiii. 38.

Q. — What should these sinful people say when they should see Jesus again?

A. — Math. xxiii. 39.

NOTE. It is very grand after Jesus had pronounced these terrible woes to hear him say that these people who have committed all this great wickedness, shall at last be so changed as to say of him they hate and will kill, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. It shows that all these terrible agents were to be employed not to destroy but to save this people.

Answer.

JULY 27. No. 1, The city of Jerusalem once the joy of the whole earth.